

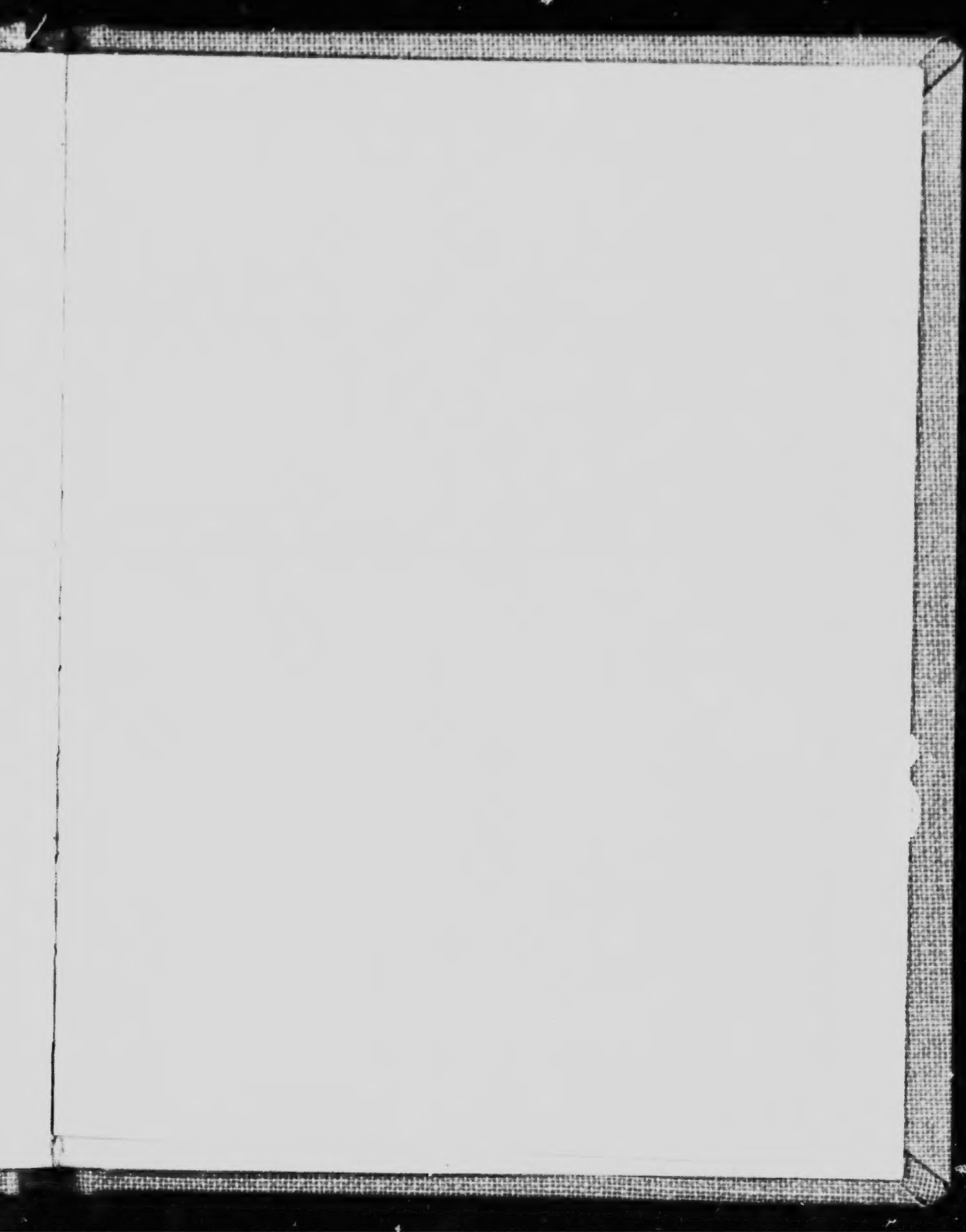


*Mr. Grant
with the Author's
compliments*

Composed and Dedicated
to our
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
of the
BRITISH EMPIRE
by
GEORGE A. SHAW, Lieut.-Colonel,
United Empire Loyalist.

"TORDARROCH"
TORONTO
September, 1914.

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By George Alexander Shaw



Canada's Loyalty to the British Emp

Hark! what is that distant rumbling sound I hear?
It is the beat of the drum, you have nothing to fear;
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Northern men,
Marching from every city and beautiful glen,
Where the maple leaf is our emblem true;
We have come to assist and make the enemy rue
The day they insulted the glorious old Flag,
Honored by all, if only a well-worn rag.
Some men may return, but many will not;
There will be sorrow in palace and humble cot;
But we'll uphold the honor of Empire and Crown—
Canada's name will be lauded and handed down
With the Scotch, English and Irish soldiers, so brave,
And the sailors who fought on the deep rolling wave,
In the face of a pitiless foe, without honor or right,
Who thought they could conquer with numbers and
might,
But found their mistake, as they learned to their cost
That courage and valor will win and never be lost.
With Australia hastening on to assist,
New Zealand has sworn she'll never desist,
And Africa's sons have come at the call,
With India side by side to conquer or fall.
With brave Belgium and France by our side,
And our ally, the Russ, sweeping on like a tide.
With Servia, and Japan, we'll stand fast and defy
The hordes that come on—if needs be we'll die—
We will fight on until we defeat every foe,
And the German barbarians are brought very low,
With the Allies' success, this terrible war will then
cease,
At last our grand Empire will rest in quiet and peace.

GEORGE A. SHAW, Lieut.-Colonel.
"Tordarroch," United Empire Loyalist.
Toronto, January, 1915.

When Great Britain Calls to Arms

(The Empire's Response 1914)

A million men are marching, marching to the fray,
They are coming in the morning, to the closing of each day,
When the Empire calls, every patriot heart beats high :
Veterans, young men, boys, ready for their flag to die.
They are coming from the North, and hurrying from the West,
Every man has sworn that he will do his very best.
They're arriving from the South, advancing from the East,
To offer up their lives and extend a helping hand at least.
From Canada's domains beneath the Maple Leaf,
Her sons have volunteered to leave their native heath.
From Africa's hot sands they have rallied to the call,
For King and Country to win, or sacrifice their all.
From Loyal India they have left the coral strand,
And crossed the deep blue sea to help the Motherland.
Australia and New Zealand with ships and men have come,
And answered most nobly to the bugle call and drum.
Bonnie Scotland with the thistle, the enemy dare not touch,
The Irish Shamrock to the fore, no foe shall ever clutch.
From dear Old England's misty shores where blooms the
lovely Rose,
Every man has responded to meet our deadly foes.
And the women of our lands are working night and day,
To aid and cheer the wounded along their weary way.
God save our King and Empire fighting for the right,
And protect our comrades with His blessing and his might,
Forward ! Soldiers of the Empire, hasten to the front
To relieve our comrades who have stood the battle's brunt.
Salute the noble heroes, who have fallen by the way ;
Push on with valor, and Victory will crown the day.

—Veteran